Daily prayer

Santísima Muerte, mother of darkness and bringer of light in death, I call upon your grace so that I may find peace in all that withers, as you do a wilting flower or a sick calf. Mother cloaked in the expanse of the night, guide me gently into the abyss of fear and teach me to look for the speck of light shining from your silver scythe.

Mother of the forgotten, the needy, the pariahs, the misfits, and the punished by society, help us become unconditional in our love for the world as you do, without judgment. Mother, the great equalizer, come to any and all who call upon you with sincerity. Help us make the best of every moment we have before we walk hand in hand with you into the void. Queen of the ending of opportunities, the

closing of doors, give us the strength to face rejections, missed chances, and struggles we could not win. Mother of death, please ease the tribulations of the dying and those suffering from unimaginable mental and physical afflictions. Cast your healing shadow upon them and make their departure peaceful. May their souls dissipate into vibrant orbs dancing around you.

Mother of souls, protect and relieve us from the grief of losing those near and dear to our hearts. Help us understand that grief is love persevering, and though the soul of a loved one has departed, a piece of their individuality will always remain within us, like a mosaic of memory and love.

Mother of miracles, keep your watchful

eye over us so that we may be spared from accidental death. With your eternal wisdom of traveling through sunless roads and hopeless streets, teach us to find courage in the darkest times so that we may hold on for one more day, for one more dream or person.

Mother, teach us to be grateful for what we have, for in death we cannot bring riches or wealth, but only the peace before our dying breath that we have lived our lives to the fullest. Mother of aid, come to the timely aid of the poor so that they may have shelter, food, and the knowledge that they are not forsaken.

Mother who shapeshifts among the shadows, may there be an extra coin, an extra meal, or a warm bed or a generous person in the lives of the needy. Help us

be messengers and mediums of your charitability.

Mother, a radiant hue of grey, a beautiful conundrum of light and darkness, teach us how to open our hearts and minds to the misunderstood of society. Help us discern those who are wolves in sheep's clothing, but at the same time, help us spare grace to those who have learned from their mistakes and paid their penances.

Mother of shadows, help us tame both the darkness and the virtue in our hearts. Help us fight against overlords who subjugate us and drain our energy. Mother of light, give us the tenacity to speak out against injustice and mistreatment of ourselves and others. Mother, give us the discipline to strive to be the best version of ourselves in mind, body, and spirit, lest we

die in regret.

Mother of bravery, teach us not to be afraid of being humiliated, of failure, or of starting from scratch, for these pale in comparison to unfulfilled dreams and wasted potential. Teach us not to leave things for another day, for we do not know if another moment is granted to us.
Mother of secrecy, though you may walk among the shadows, hear the pleas of even the faintest whisper that beckons to you. Hear the murmurs of despair in the hearts of those whose mouths tremble or words quiver, or whose frames are too fragile or emancipated to speak aloud. They can only praise your greatness in their minds.

I pray for children who were buried in dirt before they knew to pick flowers or chase

birds. Mother of bones and ashes, do not let our toil and labor be reduced to dust. Help us gain recognition and wages so that we may have enough to live, to thrive, and to give aid to those in need, as you have generously bestowed upon us.
Mother of abundance, rain down wealth upon your devotees so that they may cast ornate and intricate altars and hold feasts to feed the hungry, cut cloths of silk and wool to clothe the unclothed, and rejoice in the sheer power of your miraculous ways.

Mother of opportunities, help us find employment that rewards us splendidly and bless us with fair masters who acknowledge our efforts, guide us in the ways of their crafts, and impart to us their expertise.
Mother of forgiveness, keep us away from

debts and foolish financial ploys. Teach us how to balance wealth and spending as you so meticulously balance the scales of life and death.
Mother of infernal knowledge, help us seek the clandestine wisdom of our ancestors and the ones who came before us, so we may carry on their honorable ways and uplift ourselves from the generational curses that plague us.
Mother of transcendence, help us transform and surpass our earthly desires in the pursuit of spiritual enlightenment.
Help us to understand the music of the birds, the hums of the morning breeze, and the angelic vibrations of the waters.
Help us uncover the secrets of the vast earth we live upon, as you do with your all-encompassing hands cradling the world in your palms.
Help us psychically intertwine with deities

of light who protect and warn us against misadventure, and help us dance with the devil so we may confront the shameful and darkest parts of our soul and mold them for the liberation of our mental shackles.
O great Mother, help us remain humble enough to recognize that it is you who spin this ticking clock and you who stops it. Let us forever be in awe of your prowess and chant musings glorifying your divine, cloaked silhouette.
Santa Muerte, Niña Blanca, La Flaquita, have mercy on us flawed humans. Though you may be the marvelous black hole of destruction, you are also the gentle star of the night , blinking specks of luck, love, and hope from afar.
Mother of love, help us to be sweeter and more lenient to the ones we hold dear. Help us forgive each other’s

transgressions and reignite our severed bonds. Mother of roots, you tether the roots of every sapling. Let our land of love always be fertile and spread like weeds. May we all come together to worship as one.

Mother of mysteries, you who are the black veil that enshrouds truth and exposes it when ready, help us lift the veil gently on our own path. Let us not be blinded by arrogance or broken by the opinions of others. Grant us the wisdom to remain firm in our decisions but fluid in our growth. Let us recognize the difference between those who offer poison in golden cups and those who offer muddy water with honest hearts.

Help us understand that true wealth is in love and time well spent. Guide our footsteps on land that has cradled the dead and taught the living. May we never

forget the sacrifices of those who walked before us. Mother of time and tide, help us see that everything returns to you : the empires, the ashes, the whispers, the prayers.
Even as we face betrayal, illness, poverty, or abandonment, may we never abandon ourselves. Remind us that even the most cracked vessel can still carry holy water
Remind us that even the loneliest grave may still be lit by candlelight.
Mother, when we reach our end, may it always be you who cradles us in your arms into eternal sleep. Blessings and glory be in your highest honour, my dearest mother.